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THE SONGS OF SAPPHO

IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION
BY MANY POETS AND DECO-
RATED BY STANLEY WYATT

THE PETER PAUPER PRESS
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SOME NOTES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE READER

Sappho, one of the earliest and certainly the greatest of Greek lyric poets, was born about 630 B.C. on the island of Lesbos, and lived there most of her life. Lesbos, famous since Homer's day for the beauty of its women and the sweetness of its wine, lies off the coast of Asia Minor (the Lydia of the poems) and is now called Mitylene after its principal city. Not a great deal is known about Sappho's life in Lesbos, except that the ancient story of her unrequited love for Phaon, and her suicide by leaping off the Leucadian cliff, is now considered mythical. So far as modern scholars can surmise, however, she came from a noble and wealthy family, had three brothers, was married, bore at least one child, the daughter Cleis of the poems, was exiled to Syracuse for political reasons, returned after the amnesty of 581 B.C., lived in the satisfying knowledge that she was the bright star of the Aeolian school of poetry, and died at a ripe old age. She apparently was head of a girls' school or women's poetry circle; probably some of her poems were written as wedding-songs and holiday-festival choruses to be sung by these girls.

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For many years the standard edition of Sappho *in translation was that of Henry T. Wharton, published first in London, 1877. The virtue of Wharton's edition was that he supplied not only his own literal prose version of each of the poems and fragments, but also the best then-available metrical translations of the principal pieces by others.*

A more recent edition of The Poems of Sappho, *the translations by Edwin Marion Cox, published in 1924, makes an excellent supplement to Wharton by giving new prose versions of the same material, as well as excellent metrical versions of many pieces.*

But for the modern reader the essential source edition of Sappho is the section devoted to her in the Loeb Classical Library Lyra Graeca *(volume one) published in 1922 and revised and enlarged in 1928. This book, edited by J. M. Edmonds, and with his excellent prose translations, contains new Sappho discoveries which entirely outweigh in quantity all of her work previously known. This new material is now in a moderately complete condition as the result of scholarly, ingenious and indefatigable work on the part of Edmonds in reconstructing fragmentary manuscripts that had recently been*

unearthed in Egypt. Some of these reconstructions must remain conjectural, but in the main they seem valid and satisfying.

* * *

All of Sappho known to us, except the first great hymn to Aphrodite, and a few of the new discoveries which may be complete poems, is fragmentary. Many of these fragments are a word only, or a phrase, which some ancient has preserved for us by quoting; and interesting as these tiny fragments may be to the students of Greek, they are most often valueless — in fact they are irritating — to the general English reader. Therefore in the present edition it has been our policy to eliminate any fragment which in translation lacked either sufficient meaning or sufficient suggestion of poetry to interest that general reader. As a result, the total of our pieces is only 124 out of a possible 209. In all cases, we have used what seem to us to be the most poetic translations, and in a few, have presented alternate choices for the pleasure of the reader.

THE PUBLISHER

THE SONGS OF SAPPHO

THE WORDS I BEGIN ARE WORDS OF AIR
BUT FOR ALL THAT ARE GOOD TO HEAR

SONGS OF SAPPHO

I. TO APHRODITE

IMMORTAL Aphrodite of the broidered throne, daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee break not my spirit with anguish and distress, O Queen. But come hither, if ever before thou didst hear my voice afar, and listen, and leaving thy father's golden house camest with chariot yoked, and fair fleet sparrows drew thee, flapping fast their wings around the dark earth, from heaven through mid sky. Quickly arrived they; and thou, blessèd one, smiling with immortal countenance, didst ask, what now is befallen me, and why now I call, and what I in my mad heart most desire to see. "What Beauty now wouldst thou draw to love thee? Who wrongs thee, Sappho? For even if she flies she shall soon follow, and if she rejects gifts shall yet give, and if she loves not shall soon love, however loth." Come, I pray thee, now too, and release me from cruel cares, and all that my heart desires to accomplish, accomplish thou, and be thyself my ally.

HENRY T. WHARTON

II. TO BROCHEO

It is to be a God, methinks, to sit before you and listen close by to the sweet accents and winning laughter which have made the heart in my breast beat fast, I warrant you. When I look on you, Brocheo, my speech comes short or fails me quite, I am tongue-tied; in a moment a delicate fire has overrun my flesh, my eyes grow dim and my ears sing, the sweat runs down me and a trembling takes me altogether, till I am as green and pale as the grass, and death itself seems not very far away; — but now that I m poor, I must fain be content . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

III. MOONLIGHT

The stars about the fair moon in their turn hide their bright face when she at about her full lights up all earth with silver. HENRY T. WHARTON

The stars around the fair moon fade
Against the night,
When gazing full she fills the glade
And spreads the seas with silvery light.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

IV. ORCHARD SONG

. . . And by the cool waterside the breeze rustles amid the apple-branches, and the quivering leaves shed lethargy . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

Cool waters tumble, singing as they go
Through appled boughs. Softly the leaves are dancing.
Down streams a slumber on the drowsy flow,
My soul entrancing.

T. F. HIGHAM

V. TO APHRODITE

Come, goddess of Cyprus, and in golden cups serve nectar delicately mixed with delights.

HENRY T. WHARTON

Come, Venus, come
Hither with thy golden cup,
Where nectar-floated flowerets swim.
Fill, fill the goblet up;
These laughing lips shall kiss the brim —
Come, Venus, come!

ANON.

VI. TO APHRODITE

But for thee will I lead to the altar the offspring of a white goat . . . and add a libation for thee.

HENRY T. WHARTON

For thee, unto the altar will I lead
A white goat — to the altar by the sea:
And there, where waves advance and waves
recede,
A full libation will I pour for thee.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

VII. TO APHRODITE

Love-goddess of the wreath of gold,
Would that this lot were mine. J. M. EDMONDS

VIII. TO THE MUSES

. . . Whose gift of their own work
Hath brought me honor. J. M. EDMONDS

IX. TO SOME WEALTHY WOMEN

But I have received true prosperity from the golden Muses, and when I die I shall not be forgot. J. M. EDMONDS

X. TO HER COMPANIONS

These songs I'll sing to-day with all my might
For my sweet comrades' sake and dear delight.

J. M. EDMONDS

XI. TO HER FRIENDS

For those I have done good to, do me the greatest wrong.

J. M. EDMONDS

XII. TO HER COMPANIONS

To you my pretty ones this mind of mine can never change.

J. M. EDMONDS

XIII. OF DOVES

But the spirit within them turned chill and down dropped their wings.

EDWIN MARION COX

XIV. OF CRITICS AND TROUBLE

And as for him who blames me may frenzies and cares seize upon him.

J. M. EDMONDS

XV. THE DAWN

Me just now the golden-sandalled Dawn has called.

EDWIN MARION COX

XVI. LYDIAN WORK

Her shining ankles clad in fairest fashion
In broidered leather from the realm of Lydia,
So came the Goddess. EDWIN MARION COX

XVII. OF JASON'S MANTLE

Shot with innumerable hues.

EDWIN MARION COX

XVIII. TO HECATE

The handmaiden of Aprodite, shining like gold.

EDWIN MARION COX

XIX. MAIDENS

With rosy cheeks and glancing eyes and voices sweet as honey. EDWIN MARION COX

XX. TO LOVE

Love the child of Aphrodite and Heaven.

HENRY T. WHARTON

XXI. TO HESPERUS

THOU art, I think, an evening star, of all stars the fairest.

HENRY T. WHARTON

XXII. TO PERSUASION

MAN-BEGUILING daughter of Aphrodite.

J. M. EDMONDS

XXIII. TO HER BROTHER CHARAXUS

. . . IF YOU hover about the notable rather than the good and noble, and bid your friends go their ways, and grieve me by saying in your swelling pride that I, forsooth, am become a reproach to you, at such things as these you may rejoice your heart. Feed your fill. For as for me, my mind is not so softly disposed to the anger of a child. But make no mistake in this; the snare never catches the old bird; I know what was the depth of your knavery before, and of what sort is the foe I am opposed to. Be you better advised then, and change your heart; for well I know that being of a gentle disposition I have the gods on my side.

J. M. EDMONDS

Aye, seek the false and shun the true,
And bid your friends go hang for you,
And grieve me in your pride, and say
I bring you shame. Go, have your way,
And flout me till you've had your fill;
I have no fears, and never will,
For the anger of a child.

Do as you choose; but have a care;
Old birds know how to shun the snare;
The measure of my foe is ta'en;
What once he's done he'll do again;
I shall not be beguiled.

Be wise in time then, change your heart;
I know the gods will take my part
Because my spirit's mild. J. M. EDMONDS

XXIV. TO THE NEREIDS

Golden Daughters of the Foam
Bring me my brother safely home,
And whatsoe'er his heart desire
Grant he shall possess entire,
And righting what was wrong before,
Shall sorrow his true friends no more,
That our name bear never a blot.

Then he'll fain his sister to bring
Honor bright; and the bitter sting
And the taunt that made my poor heart sick
When he heard a rebuke such as cuts to the
quick —
O soon, when the brimming cup goes round
For his returning safe and sound,
Shall all that ill be forgot;

And if he's fain of a wife to wed,
Let him take a worthy maid to his bed;
But helly she-dog, as for you,
Ground your ill snout, and game pursue
Where game is to be got. J. M. EDMONDS

XXV. TO CHARAXUS

. . . O CYPRIS, may she find even thee too bitter, nor boast herself so loud, saying: "What a delightful love-match hath Doricha made this second time!" J. M. EDMONDS

XXVI. TO ANACTORIA IN LYDIA

SOME say that the fairest thing upon the dark earth is a host of horsemen, and some say a host

of foot soldiers, and others again a fleet of ships, but for me it is my belovèd. And it is easy to make anyone understand this. When Helen saw the most beautiful of mortals, she chose for best that one, the destroyer of all the honor of Troy, and thought not much of child or dear parent, but was led astray by Love, to bestow her heart far off, for woman is ever easy to lead astray when she thinks of no account what is near and dear. Even so, Anactoria, you do not remember, it seems, when she is with you, one the gentle sound of whose footfall I would rather hear and the brightness of whose shining face I would rather see than all the chariots and mail-clad footmen of Lydia. I know that in this world man cannot have the best; yet to pray for a part of what was once shared is better than to forget it . . .

EDWIN MARION COX

A HOST of horse or foot may be
To some the fairest sight to see,
To some a fleet of ships; to me
The loved one passes all.
And easy 'tis to prove my case;
She that had the fairest face
Man ever looked on, set her joy

Upon the ravisher of Troy,
And heedless of the call
Of parent dear or sweetest child,
Left her home, by Love beguiled
To give her heart afar.
For ever easy to mislead
Is woman, when she pays no heed
To what is near to her and dear.
Anactory, though far thou'rt gone,
Let us remembered be by one
Whose sweet footfall I'd rather hear,
Whose beaming smile I'd rather see,
Than all the Lydian chariotry
And mighty men of war.
Well wot I no mortal wight
May have the best for his delight;
Yet a one-time happy lot
Is better longed-for than forgot.

J. M. EDMONDS

XXVII. TO HERA

[Upon Sappho's returning from exile]

GREAT Hera, grant my prayer to-night,
And show before my dreaming sight
The beauteous face

Which Atreus' hero-sons of yore,
When Troy was fall'n and all was o'er,
Saw of Thy grace,
They that from swift Scamander's flood
Could not win home when out they stood
Till prayer were said to Thee, Great One,
And mighty Zeus and the sweet Son
Thyone bore. So now pray I
To do again things pure and high
The Mytilenian maids among,
The maids I taught with dance and song
To honor Thee;
And even as erst with Your high aid
Atreus' seed the anchor weighed,
So on this homeward way of mine
Be Thy gentle power divine,
Hera, with me.

J. M. EDMONDS

XXVIII. WHEN TEMPESTS RAGE

When tempests rage, the mariner, for fear of the great blasts of the wind, doth cast his cargo overboard and drive his vessel ashore; as for me, I pray I may be bound no-whither in time

of storm, nor be fain with fear lying heavy in my heart to cast my cargo for worthless into the deep; but if so be it should fall to Nereus in his flowing pageant of the sea to receive the gift of my goods . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

XXIX. LOVE IS IN NO HASTE

And if these paps their milk could give,
And this womb make new men live,
Then would I go with footsteps free
To a bridal bed again;
But now that Age doth spread apace
His thousand wrinkles o'er my face,
Love's in no haste to come to me,
Love with his gift of pain.

J. M. EDMONDS

XXX. PARTING FROM FRIENDS

To them I said, "Gentle ladies, how ye will remember till old age what we did together in our brilliant youth! For many things holy and beautiful we did then. And now that ye have left the city, love has bitten my heart with keen pangs."

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

... "Sweet dames," I answered "O,
But you'll remember till you're gray
How we lived in Youth's heyday,
And all that we three used once to do,
And how 'twas good and how 'twas true;
And now that I must part from you
My lovesick heart's all woe."

J. M. EDMONDS

XXXI. TO HER BELOVED

... For when I look on you,
Then methinks Hermionè
Was never such as you to see,
And I can say with better grace
That Helen's likeness is in your face
Than any maiden's of mortal race;
Nay, I'd set you higher,
And to your beauty's altar bring
All my mind's thoughts for offering
And all my heart's desire.

J. M. EDMONDS

XXXII. TO GONGYLA

Come hither to-night I pray, my rosebud Gongyla, and with your Lydian lyre; surely a desire

of my heart ever hovers about your lovely self; for the sight of your very robe thrills me, and I rejoice that it is so. Once on a day, I too found fault with the Cyprus-born — whose favor I pray these words may lose me not, but rather bring me back again the maiden whom of all womankind I desire the most to see.

J. M. EDMONDS

XXXIII. TALK WITH ME

INDEED it were nothing unseemly if some blamed thee because thou hast come to me or talked with me, and because thou hast favored so finely those whom it was not fitting; for we walk everywhere. But let us say this, you and me, "Is it possible for mortal maidens to be far away from the women whom they possess and cherish?"

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

XXXIV. TO A BRIDEGROOM

. . . AND we maidens spend all the night at this door, singing of the love that is between thee, thrice happy bridegroom, and a bride whose breast is sweet as violets. But get thee up and

go when the dawn shall come, and may great Hermes lead thy feet where thou shalt find just so much ill-luck as we shall see sleep to-night.

J. M. EDMONDS

XXXV. TO ATTHIS

I LOVED you, Atthis, long ago, when my own girlhood was still all flowers, and you — you seemed to me a small ungainly child.

J. M. EDMONDS

XXXVI. A FOOLISH WOMAN

O FOOLISH woman, dost thou set thy pride upon a ring?

MICHAEL FIELD

XXXVII. UNDECIDED

IN DOUBT I am, I have two minds;
I know not what to do.

EDWIN MARION COX

XXXVIII. THE SKY

I THINK not with these two
White arms to touch the blue.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

XXXIX. LOVE

Lo, Love once more my soul within me rends
Like wind that on the mountain oak descends.

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS

XL. ON SOFT CUSHIONS

. . . And I will set you reclining on soft cushions . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

XLI. GOODNESS IS BEAUTY

He who is fair is good to look upon;
He who is good is fair, though youth be gone.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

He should be good who is fair of face,
And he will be fair whose soul has grace.

EDWIN MARION COX

XLII. FAR SWEETER

Far sweeter than the throbbing lyre in sound,
A voice more golden than gold, new found.

EDWIN MARION COX

XLIII. FROM A WEDDING SONG

. . . But come, dear maidens, let us end our song, for day is at hand.

J. M. EDMONDS

XLIV. THE WEDDING OF ANDROMACHE

. . . Cyprus . . . a herald came sustained by the might of his swift limbs, to the folk of Ida these fair tidings bringing as a swift messenger . . . and throughout the rest of Asia these tidings were a fame that never since has died. "Hector and his mates are bringing from holy Thebe and ever-flowing Placia the shyly-glancing lovely Andromache in ships upon the briny sea; and many bracelets of gold and robes of purple, yes and smooth rich embroideries, varied bridal dower, and silver beakers beyond number, and ivories." So he spoke; and quickly uprose the father beloved, and rumor went throughout the wide-wayed city of Ilus. Straightway the people of Ilium under the well-wheeled carts brought the mules, and thereon mounted all the throng of wives and virgins of slender ankles; but apart

from them Priam's daughters went. And steeds the men brought under the chariots, and with them went all the youths. And mightily moved the mighty people, and charioteers brought out their colts adorned with embossed cheek-pieces. . . . When then on their cars they were mounted, like to gods, Hector and Andromache, there drove with them all the Trojan men and Trojan women into delightful Ilium . . . they mingled . . . and as the maidens . . . and cassia and incense flamed up in smoke. And the wives, those who were older, cried aloud, and all the men shouted in a strong clear voice a lovely paean, calling on the name of the Far-Darter of the goodly lyre, and they hymned Hector and Andromache, like to the gods.

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

XLV. GARLANDS

And the maids ripe for wedlock wove garlands.

J. M. EDMONDS

XLVI. TO THE GRACES

Come, rosy-armed Graces, virgin daughters of Zeus.

EDWIN MARION COX

XLVII. THE GOD OF LOVE

From heaven returning; red of hue,
His chlamys burning against the blue.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

XLVIII. TO AN UNEDUCATED WOMAN

When you are dead you will lie unremembered for evermore; for you have no part in the roses that come from Pieria; nay, obscure here, you will move obscure from the house of Death, and flit to and fro among such of the dead as have no fame.

J. M. EDMONDS

Dead shalt thou lie for ever, and forgotten,
For whom the flowers of song have never bloomed;
A wanderer amidst the unbegotten,
In Hades' house a shadow aye entombed.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

XLIX. NO MAIDEN

Never on any maiden, the golden sun shall shine,
Never on any maiden whose wisdom matches thine.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

L. HERO OF GYARA

WELL did I teach Hero of Gyara, the fleetly-running maid . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

LI. NO REVENGE

I AM not one of revengeful temper, but have a simple mind.

HENRY T. WHARTON

LII. MY SERVITOR LOVE

MY SERVITOR Love and thou, O Sappho . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

LIII. FAME

METHINKS hereafter in some later spring
Echo will bear to men the songs we sing.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LIV. TO HER LUTE

UP, MY lute divine, and make thyself a thing of speech . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

LV. TO ATTHIS

Lo! Love the looser of limbs stirs me, that creature irresistible, bitter-sweet; but you, Atthis, have come to hate the thought of me, and run after Andromeda in my stead. J. M. EDMONDS

Now Love has bound me, trembling, hands
and feet,
O Love so fatal, Love so bitter-sweet.
Hateful my face is to thee,
Hateful to thee beyond speaking,
Atthis, who fliest from me
Like a white bird Andromeda seeking.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LVI. TO ATTHIS

..."Sappho, if you say me nay
My love is lost you from this day.
O quit your bed, sweet star of mine,
Rise in your dear strength and shine,
And like a lily pure as snow
Standing by the water's flow,
Tuck up your smock of Chian seam
And stand and wash you in the stream.
Then shall Cleis from the press

Take and give you for your dress
Shift of saffron, robe of red,
Cloak for shoulders, wreath for head,
And you shall come in all the grace
That makes me wild to see your face.
Go roast me nuts, Praxinoë,
That each maid's breakfast merrier be;
For God has sent us luck this morn;
'Tis the day our Sappho's sworn
That she, the loveliest woman known,
At Mytilen, the dearest town,
Shall give her children back their own."
Dearest Atthis, dearest yet,
Can it be that you forget?

J. M. EDMONDS

LVII. TO ATTHIS LEAVING

I SHALL never see Atthis again, and I surely wish I were dead. Yet she wept much when she left me, and said this to me, "Woe is me, how terribly we have suffered! Sappho, truly against my will I leave thee." And I answered her with these words, "Rejoicing go thy way, and remember me; for thou knowest how I loved thee. But if it be not so, I am fain to remind thee of what thou hast forgot, those many dear and beautiful experiences we had together. For with

many wreaths of violets and sweet roses thou hast bound my tresses by my side, and many woven chains entwined of a hundred flowers thou hast put about my tender neck; and with many a vase of costly and royal myrrh hast thou anointed my soft skin; and, reclining with me upon the couch, hast taken all thy fill of dainty meats and of sweet drinks . . ."

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

TRULY I want to die,
Such was her weeping when she said good-bye.
These words she said to me:
"What sad calamity!
Sappho, I leave you most unwillingly."
To her I made reply:
"Go with good heart, but try
Not to forget our love in days gone by.
Else let me call to mind,
If your heart proves unkind,
The soft delightful ways you leave behind.
Many a coronet
Of rose and violet,
Crocus and dill upon your brow you set:
Many a necklace too
Round your soft throat you threw,

Woven with me from buds of ravishing hue,
And often balm you spread
Of myrrh upon my head,
And royal ointment on my hair you shed."

C. M. BOWRA

LVIII. TO A VIRGIN

. . . And I answered you, "I swear to you by the Goddess that although I, like you, had of Zeus but one virginity, nevertheless I feared not the threshold beyond which Hera had bidden me cast it away." Aye, thus I heartened you, and cried aloud, "That night was sweet enough for me, neither have you, dear maid, anything to fear." . . . Nay, I tell you, I prayed that night of ours might be made twice as long.

J. M. EDMONDS

LIX. A DREAM OF HERMES

[Who lead the dead to Hades]

"Long" said I "it cannot be."
"How know you that?" asked Gongylè;
"Has sign been sent you?" "Yes" I said;
"Great Hermes stood before my bed,

And Lord Most High I cried to him,
My joys are done;
All my great prosperity,
So help me Love! is nought to me;
My one desire's to die, and see
The dew-besprinkled lotus-brim
Of Acheron . . ."

J. M. EDMONDS

LX. ON ANACTORIA

A GLORIOUS goddess in her eyes
Were you, her comrade, and your songs
Above all other songs she'd prize.
With Lydian women now she dwells
Surpassing them, as when day dies
The rosy-fingered moon excels
The host of stars, and light illumes
The salt sea and the cornland glows
With light upon its thousand blooms.
In loveliness the dew spills over
And with new strength revives the rose,
Slim grasses and the flowering clover.
But sadly up and down she goes,
Remembering Atthis, once her lover.
And in her heart sick longing grows.

C. M. BOWRA

LXI. TO HERSELF

Be still, my Soul; not thus for me,
With thoughts outwelling glib and free,
    Canst thou effuse
Adonis-hymns whose harmony
    Shall please the Muse.
Such thoughts Desire that doth make fame cheap
And Love that doth hearts in bondage keep
    Away have driven;
And Persuasion's whelm-wit vial of gold
To thy fancy's lip the sweets doth hold
    Of the wine of Heaven. J. M. EDMONDS

LXII. TO APHRODITE

. . . And hanging on either side thy face the purple handkerchief which Timas sent for thee from Phocaea, a precious gift from a precious giver . . . J. M. EDMONDS

LXIII. TO ATTHIS

You are come; it is well; I was longing for you, and now you have made my heart to flame up and burn with love. Bless you, I say, thrice bless you, and for just so long as you and I have been parted. J. M. EDMONDS

LXIV. BRILLIANCE

. . . A GLAMOR blinding the eyes . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

LXV. DEATH

DEATH is an evil; for the gods choose breath;
Had Death been good the gods had chosen
Death.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LXVI. A PUBLIC BEAUTY

. . . WITH whom you are mingled in a vagrant friendship which deems that beautiful which any man may have for the asking.

J. M. EDMONDS

[Perhaps referring to her brother's love for Doricha]

LXVII. STUBBORNNESS

FOOLISH girl, do not try to bend a stubborn heart.

J. M. EDMONDS

LXVIII. OF THE CRICKET

FROM beneath her wings she pours forth a clear shrill song, when she shouts down the outspread perpendicular blaze of the noonday sun.

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

LXIX. I HAVE COME BACK

Lo! to the soft arms of her whom I had shunned so long I have come back.

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

LXX. LEDA

They say, 'neath leaf and blossom
Leda found in the gloom
An egg, white as her bosom,
Under an iris bloom.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LXXI. THE COUNTRY GIRL

What country maiden charms thy heart,
However fair, however sweet,
Who has not learned by gracious Art
To draw her dress around her feet?

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LXXII. THE YOUNG HUSBAND

If love thou hast for me, not hate,
Arise and find a younger mate;
For I no longer will abide
Where youth and age lie side by side.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LXXIII. WEALTH AND WORTH

WEALTH without Worth is a dangerous guest;
They that have both are of all men most blest.

J. M. EDMONDS

LXXIV. COME, GRACES

COME to me, O ye graces,
Delicate, tender, fair;
Come from your heavenly places,
Muses with golden hair.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LXXV. ADONIS IS DYING

TENDER Adonis stricken is lying,
What, Cytherea, now can we do?
Beat your breasts, maidens, Adonis is dying,
Rending your garments, the white fragments strew.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LXXVI. SOFT GARMENTS

SHE wrapped herself well in gossamer garments.

EDWIN MARION COX

LXXVII. DELIGHT NOR PAIN

OH, NOT the honey, nor the bee!

MICHAEL FIELD

LXXVIII. FLOWERS

I saw one day a-gathering flowers
The daintiest little maid.

J. M. EDMONDS

LXXIX. DYING, TO HER DAUGHTER

No house that serves the Muse hath room, I wis,
For grief; and so it ill beseemeth this.

J. M. EDMONDS

LXXX. GOLD

Gold is a child of Zeus; no moth nor worm devours it, and it overcomes the strongest of mortal hearts.

J. M. EDMONDS

LXXXI. THE MOON HAS SET

The moon has set, and o'er the seas
Throw their last glance the Pleiades;
The weary night is waning fast,
The promised hour is come and past;—
Yet sleepless and alone I lie,
Alone — ah, false one, tell me why.

BLACKWOOD

LXXXII. AS ROUND AN ALTAR

The moon rose full: the women stood
As though within a sacred wood
Around an altar . . .

MICHAEL FIELD

LXXXIII. THE CRETAN WOMEN

And thus at times, in Crete, the women there
Circle in dance around the altar fair;
In measured movement, treading as they pass
With tender feet the soft bloom of the grass.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LXXXIV. MNASIDICA

Mnasidica, of fairer form than the dainty Gyrinno.

J. M. EDMONDS

LXXXV. GO GARLANDED

. . . But do you, Dica, let your dainty fingers twine a wreath of anise-sprays and bind your lovely locks; for it may well be that the blessed

Graces, too, are more apt to look with favor on that which is adorned with flowers, whereas they turn away from all that goes ungarlanded . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

But place those garlands on thy lovely hair,
Twining the tender sprouts of anise green
With skillful hand; for offerings and flowers
Are pleasing to the gods, who hate all those
Who come before them with uncrownèd heads.

C. D. YONGE

Weave garlands, maiden, from the strands
Of dill, and with soft gentle hands
Set the delicious leafage round your head.
The Goddess and the happy Graces
Love to look on flower-crowned faces,
But turn aside from the ungarlanded.

C. M. BOWRA

LXXXVI. DELICACY

All delicacy unto me is lovely, and for me,
O Love!
Thy wings are as the midday fire,
Thy splendor as the sun above.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

LXXXVII. TO HER PUPILS

You dishonor the good gifts of the buxom Muses, children, when you say "We will crown you, dear Sappho, best player of the clear sweet lyre." Know you not that my skin is all wrinkled with age, my hair is turned from black to white, my teeth are but few remaining, and the legs can scarce carry the body you used once to join in the dance, to foot it as nimbly as the little fawns, nimblest of living things? Yet I cannot help it. Not even God himself can do what cannot be; and surely as starry Night follows rosy-armed Dawn and brings us darkness unto the ends of the earth, Death tracks everything living and catches it in the end, and even as he would not give his beloved wife to Orpheus, so he ever thinks to keep prisoner every woman that dies, for all he should let her follow the song and string of her spouse. But I, be it known, love soft living, and for me brightness and beauty belong to the desire of the sunlight; and therefore I shall not crawl away to my lair till that needs must be, but continue loved and loving with you. And now it is enough that I have your love, nor would I pray for more . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

LXXXVIII. TO HER PUPILS

You had crouched silent behind the great bay-tree, children, when I passed yesterday on my way to the town; and in a moment all was sweeter for me when I saw you. Ah, but I drank that draught with thirsty eyes! Aye, the women that went with me thought me suddenly become a silent fellow-wayfarer and heedless of my company, and sometimes I scarcely heard them; for a humming overwhelmed my ears and my poor dear spirit flew away with my wits. Such things, it seems, are of fate, and methought, gentle maidens, I would come and visit you, but alas! when I did you were too quick, and shut me out. Yet I saw a fair sight ere the door was shut, and the very clothes on your backs, being yours, thrilled me through. J. M. EDMONDS

LXXXIX. TO A DREAM

O DREAM, thou child of black Night, who comest ere break of dawn when the sweet God of Sleep hath not long to stay upon our eyelids, how dire the pangs of grief thou foretellest me should I dare to keep desire and ability apart! Yet I have hopes I shall not meet the lot thou

bodest, but refuse nothing I wish for if the gods but offer it me; for when I was a child I should never have been so dull as to disdain my dear mother's offer of a pretty toy. And I pray the gods give me the opportunity to take what I long for now, seeing that I have done them all such honor in my songs and dances.

J. M. EDMONDS

XC. TO ALCAEUS

[Who said to Sappho: I fain would speak to you, but shame restrains me]

A. SAPPHO of the violet tresses,
Gently smiling, pure as day,
There's something that my heart confesses,
But shame takes my speech away.

S. Were your desiring good and fair
And did your tongue no ill prepare,
Then had no shame possessed your sight,
But you had pled your plea outright.

J. M. EDMONDS

XCI. TO A HANDSOME MAN

STAND and unfold as friend to friend the grace
That's in those eyes, and look me in the face.

J. M. EDMONDS

XCII. TO A RIVAL, IN IRONY

A very good day to a daughter of very many kings.

J. M. EDMONDS

XCIII. SPRING RETURNS

Why am I vexed to see Pandion's child,
The heavenly Swallow, bring her gift of Spring?

J. M. EDMONDS

XCIV. A DREAM

In a dream I spake with the daughter of Cyprus.

HENRY T. WHARTON

XCV. SLEEP

Upon thy girl friend's white and tender breast,
Sleep thou, and on her bosom find thy rest.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

XCVI. COME YE MUSES

O come hither, ye Muses, from your golden house . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

XCVII. CLEIS

I HAVE a little daughter rare
That's like the golden flowers fair,
My Cleis;
I would not take all Lydia wide
No, nor lovely Greece beside
For Cleis.

J. M. EDMONDS

XCVIII. THE SPRING

THE many-garlanded earth puts on her broidery.

J. M. EDMONDS

XCIX. I CANNOT WEAVE

OH, MY sweet mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So 'wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love..

THOMAS MOORE

C. GUARD THY TONGUE

WHEN anger stirs thy breast, speak not at all,
For words, once spoken, rest beyond recall.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

CI. THE NIGHTINGALE

THE dear good angel of the spring
The nightingale.

BEN JONSON

CII. GOLDEN PULSE

AND golden pulses grew upon the shore.

J. M. EDMONDS

CIII. SLEEP

AND night's black slumber fell upon their eyes.

J. M. EDMONDS

CIV. LIKE A CHILD

LIKE a child whose mother's lost,
I am fluttering, terror-tossed.

M. J. WALHOUSE

CV. AT THE FOOT OF A STATUE

MAIDENS, though I am dumb, yet thus I speak, if any ask, and place at your feet one with an untiring voice: To Aethopia the daughter of Leto was I consecrated by Arista, daughter of

Hermocleides Saonaiades, thy servant, O queen of women; whom mayest thou bless and deign to glorify our house.

EDWIN MARION COX

CVI. ON TIMAS

This is the dust of Timas, who, unwed,
Passed hence to Proserpina's house of gloom;
In mourning all her sorrowing playmates shed
Their curls and cast the tribute on her tomb.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

CVII. THE FISHERMAN'S TOMB

To the fisherman Pelagon his father Meniscus has put up a fishing-basket and an oar as a memorial of his hard life.

J. M. EDMONDS

CVIII. THE GOD'S TOAST

Ambrosia there was mixed, and from his station
Hermes the bowl for waiting gods outpoured;
Then raised they all their cups and made
libation,
Blessing the bridegroom by the bride adored.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

CIX. TO THE BRIDE

Bride that teemest with rosy desires, bride the fairest ornament of the Queen of Paphos, hie thee to bed, hie thee to the touch whereon thou must sweetly sport in gentle wise with thy bridegroom. And may the Star of Eve lead thee full willingly to the place where thou shalt marvel at the silver-thronèd Lady of Wedlock.

J. M. EDMONDS

Bride, in whose breast haunt rosy loves!
Bride, fairest of the Paphian groves!
Hence, to thy marriage, rise and go!
Hence to the bed, where thou shalt show
With honeyed play thy wedded charms,
Thy sweetness in the bridegroom's arms!
Let Hesper lead thee forth, a wife,
Willing and worshipping for life,
The silver-throned, the wedlock dame,
Queen Hera, wanton without shame!

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS

CX. WEDDING SONG

Raise high the roof-beam, carpenters, Hymenaeus! Like Ares comes the bridegroom, Hymenaeus! taller far than a tall man, Hymenaeus!

HENRY T. WHARTON

Artists, raise the rafters high!
Ample scope and stately plan —
Mars-like comes the bridegroom nigh,
Loftier than a lofty man.

ANON.

CXI. THE EVENING STAR

Evening Star that bringest back all that light-some Dawn hath scattered afar, thou bringest the sheep, thou bringest the goat, thou bringest her child home to the mother . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

Thou, Hesper, bringest homeward all
That radiant dawn sped far and wide,
The sheep to fold, the goat to stall,
The children to their mother's side.

RENNELL RODD

CXII. LIKE THE APPLE

As the sweet-apple blushes on the end of the bough, the very end of the bough, which the gatherers overlooked, nay overlooked not, but could not reach.

HENRY T. WHARTON

CXIII. LIKE THE HYACINTH

As ON the hills the shepherds trample the hyacinth under foot and the purple flower is pressed to earth.

HENRY T. WHARTON

O'ER the hills the heedless shepherd,
Heavy footed, plods his way;
Crushed behind him lies the larkspur,
Soon empurpling in decay.

EDWIN MARION COX

CXIV. THE DOORKEEPER'S FEET

MASTER DOORKEEPER'S pretty feet
Twelve good ells long must be;
It takes five hides to make his shoes,
And cobblers three times three.

J. M. EDMONDS

CXV. HAPPY BRIDEGROOM

THOU happy bridegroom! Now has dawned
That day of days supreme,
When in thine arms thou'lt hold at last
The maiden of thy dream.

EDWIN MARION COX

CXVI. O BEAUTEOUS ONE

O BEAUTEOUS one, O lovely one, thine it is to sport with the rose-ankled Graces and Aphrodite the golden . . .

J. M. EDMONDS

CXVII. CAN IT BE

Do I still long for maidenhood?

HENRY T. WHARTON

CXVIII. TO A BRIDE

THY form, O bride, is all delight; thy eyes are of a gentle hue; thy fair face is overspread with love; Aphrodite hath done thee exceeding honor.

J. M. EDMONDS

CXIX. TO THE BRIDEGROOM

TO WHAT, dear bridegroom, may I well liken thee? To a slender sapling do I best liken thee.

J. M. EDMONDS

CXX. TO THE BRIDEGROOM

FOR never, bridegroom, was there another maiden such as this.

J. M. EDMONDS

CXXI. TO HER VIRGINITY

MAIDENHOOD, maidenhood, whither art thou gone from me? . . . Never again will I come to thee, never again.

HENRY T. WHARTON

MAIDENHOOD! Maidenhood! where
hast thou gone from me,
Whither, O Slain?
I shall return to thee, I who have
gone from thee, never again.

H. DE VERE STACKPOOLE

CXXII. THOU HAST CHOSEN

MICA wishes to bring thee here but I shall not allow thee. Thou hast chosen friendship with the daughters of the house of Penthilus, O mischievous one! . . . For us sings the soft-voiced poet a sweet song and the clear-voiced nightingales . . . and the dewy leaves . . .

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

CXXIII. OLD AGE

. . . BRINGS advance to the features of the face . . . beautiful gifts, children . . . O friend, the singer of shrill lyres all flesh old age already . . .

and the hairs have become white from black . . . and the knees do not carry . . .

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

CXXIV. O DREAM

O DREAM with black wings, mayest thou come when sleep brings forgetfulness . . . Sweet is the god. Terribly thou dost afflict me . . .

DAVID MOORE ROBINSON

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